Poem Contest

1940-41

1st

The Sea-gull

Shiny little seagull
Coming from the sea,
What strange tales you could tell
If you could talk to me.

Where did you spend the night?
Where were you a week ago?
What did you see in your flight?
These things I should like to know.

Where is it you hide your nest
Out upon the rocky shore?
Are your babies safe at rest
While the angry sea doth roar?

Storm-tossed bird do you not fear
The danger of the dashing foam?
May strong wings guide you
through the year,
And always bring you safely home.

by Nickie Rusinovich
Grade seven - Clifton, Oregon

My Puppy

2nd

Little puppy black and gray
What mischief have you done today?
Whose socks or clothing have you torn
Since first you wakened in the morn?

Yes, there you sit with wistful eyes
While on the floor beside you lies,
The tatters of my Sunday coat
You're worse than any billy goat.

LeRoy Wechter
Dist #10

8th Grade

Oscar V. Haglund 7th Grade Knappa Con. #4

3rd

The Fisherman

I am a jolly fisherman.
My life is gay and free.
I love to smell the salty tang
From the misty sprays of sea.

I work hard when the fishes run,
And catch as many as any man.
For when each season's work is done,
I live as best I can.

A fisherman's life is like the sea.
It has its ups and downs.
I know not what it holds for me,
When its breakers leap and pound.

Phyllis Olds
Seventh Grade

Cannon Beach
School.

Cannon Beach.

I live down here at Cannon Beach
Where there is many things to see.
Haystack Rock and Cobla Park
Yet! and don't forget the sea.

Huge Haystack Rock
Never true its name.
Stands so gaunt and tall,
But, always just the same.

All these sights and many more
I'll put into this pretty scene,
Can be found at Cannon Beach
In every rock, cove or stream.

LOST FOREVER

I have often wondered where
All my spending money goes
To the city here or there
For shoes,socks,or other clothes
Never a penny to save
Even on a permanent wave.

Five dollars for a new coat
Four dollars for a new hat
Two dollars to rent a boat
Many a dollar for this or that
Always a dollar here or there
And yet I never seem to get anywhere.

Bills,bills,bills
Always joy it kills
Money,money,money
Is what everyone grabs
How odd and funny
That no one crabs.

ESTHER CURNOW

GRADE EIGHT

HAMMOND GRADE SCHOOL

HAMMOND , OREGON

A Sea Chanty

What is there for me
But a life on the sea
Where all men are free?
What ho!

When our ship, the pride
Of the seas, shall glide
With the oncoming tide.
What ho!

So shake out the sail
And ne'er mind the gale
But let mirth prevail
What ho!

Let all sing with glee
"What is there for me
But a life on the sea?"
What ho!

by
Margaret Mary Martin
Seventh Grade
District #10

The Salmon

From the North the salmon come,
Playful fishes gliding on
To their goals so far away
Ever onward day by day.

Peeping from the river's pocket
Springing lightly out to play,
On his tail he merrily dances
Gliding swiftly on his way.

Till at last the place he reaches
In the shallow sunlit beaches,
Smaller fishes passing by,
On the way to spawn and die.

by Katherine Rudick
Seventh Grade - Clifton, Oregon

Hilloden King
Camp McGregor School

Rain

Rain, rain and more rain
When you get up, all you hear
is rain.
When you go to bed, all you
hear is rain.
Rain, rain and drip, drip.

When you go visiting, you
go in mud up to your hip.
When you go for a walk, all
you do is slip, slip, slip.
Rain, rain and more rain.
Drip, Drop, Drip
and
Slip, Slop, Slip.

Jean Ritter Knappa Consolidated 4

8th Grade

Liberty

When all is still
And twilight falls
Against the weathered cabin walls,
Then leave your labors,
And come to stand,
Upright, and look across the land.

A patchwork valley
Is here outspread
Before lavender hills which lift their heads,
Then snow-capped mountains
Which catch the light
Of scarlet skies complete the sight.

This is our land!
Think, while you gaze upon this view,
Of freedom, and peace, and liberty, too!
This is our land!
Above all nations engulfed in grasping wars,
Forever our Land of Freedom soars!

Jean O'Bryan
Grade 7

Fernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

Maps

Maps are very interesting,
They tell us every little thing.
Where the cities and the roads are,
And the best ways to go by car.
Lakes, rivers, towns, and parks,
Are just a few things a map marks.
So when ever you go traveling,
Be sure you have that little thing,
The map!

MORRISON SCHOOL
Betty Lee Fager

Grade 8

The Columbia River

1

A broad and peaceful river,flowing from the hills,
A rushing,roaring torrent, cascading over rills,
Changing, eddying, broadening, gliding 'round a bend,
Forward to the Ocean, Columbia, our friend!

2

From a source of many sparkling, ice-cold mountain springs,
O'er countless sunken snags, and numerous other things,
It flows forever onward to the boundless, peaceful sea,
It's course from this time onward and forevermore shall be.

3

Through boundless forests, meadows, and peaceful pasture land,
Serenely flows the Columbia, majestical and grand.
It's depths support the fishermen in quest of the Chinook,
Who search it from the headwaters with net, and trap, and hook.

4

It conquered the mountains, formed Columbia Gorge,
By steady persistance it's passage did forge;
From craggy peak, to level plain, and then to sandy turf,
Flowing always foreward to the ever-moving surf.

Joy Jamison
March 27, 1941
Camp McCoy

When school is Out

When school is out.

We all will shout,

And run for some place cool

Some place cool, means the old

swimming pool,

Lies over thats where we'll

stay.

Through the heat of the day.

When school is out,

I have know doubt,

The boys won't wear any ties,

the girls won't dress to get their guys,

When were not a military gone.

We won't have to get up at dawn.

Why! we can sleep all all day.

Come that good month of May.

Deer of the Woods

On the side of a nearby mountain,
When the sun is sinking low;
Near the edge of a bubbling fountain,
A buck calls to his herd of doe.

That night there's a full grey moon,
You could hear a wolf pack howl;
The buck knew they'd get him soon,
Because he could hear them growl.

They met on the brink of a cliff,
The night was cold and clear;
The leader rushed in very swift,
To be met by the horns of the deer.

The deer then darted back to the path,
Swift as the wind may blow;
He had conquered a wolf pack,
And was back with his herd of doe.

Pete Meredith
7th Grade
Gearhart

To You, Skipper

My dear dumb friend now lying there
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and family
A shadow at my feet.

I look into your soft brown eyes
Where love and loyalty to home does shine
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your heart and mine.

I'd scan the whole broad earth around
For other eyes so so real and true.
Oceans of friendship without you,
Skipper
And find true friendship in only you.

Ah, Skipper, did I worship you
As truly as you do me
Or follow where my trails lead
Come, Skipper, sit by my side.

Thelnor Long
March 22, 1941

Different Kinds of People

There are many kinds of people,
Some are grouchy; others sweet,
But it's just the grouchy kind
A person hates to meet.
You meet people in the country,
You meet people in the street,
The happy ones look upward,
The others all look down.
But you'll find there's always both
In every county's town.

One kind always smiles and speaks,
The other turns his head.
One seems so happy;while the other
ought to be in bed.
There are many kinds of people,
That I very plainly said,
But the most unique I found are two,
One kind is another person--
The other kind is YOU.

THELNOR LONG
8th Grade
Conseil #5

When Vacation Time Comes

When vacation time comes,
How happy I will be,
The birds will very happily sing,
Swinging high up in the trees.

The butterfly will fly from flower to flower,
Then fly to its cool and shady bower,
I know all this will happen,
When vacation time comes.

When vacation time comes,
I'll not have any sums,
I'll be as free as can be,
When vacation time comes

Harriett Fish
Brownsmead School

Let's Thank God

Let's thank God we're in a country that's sunny, bright, and free.
Let's thank God we're not in a country that's fighting across the sea.
Let's be praised that we may shout, wherever we may be,
For America is the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Our boys will fight for our country so brave and so bold,
Before we are grown to be so very old.
So fight for your country and do all you can,
So other countries won't have a chance to say,
"We've got you in our power today!"

Then maybe we'll have to change all our golden rules,
And maybe change all our grand and glorious schools.
So fight for your cuntry, wherever you may be,
To help keep this "The Home Of The Brave And The Land Of The Free!"

By Maxine Olson
Seventh Grade
Consolid #5

Land of the Free

America, Land of the Free!
When e'er we chance to see
Old Glory flying free,
Each citizen should feel
The thrill of our Democracy.

"America, Land of the Free"!
Say immigrants who come
From far across the sea.
They study hard and learn to be
Citizens of our Democracy.

Joe Fagnan
8th Grade
Gearhart.

Poetry Contest Mountain View School

It seems to me that when spring comes
We always have a lot of fun.
Though it showers every day
We in between the raindrops play.

Winds are blowing through our hair,
Kites are soaring in the air,
Baseball, football, soccer, too,
Most everything, we find to do.

by Harold Pilgard
Bobby Larson

Jake's Car

Jake had a '27 car;
A fine one it was indeed.
The tires were all of tar;
It had an awful speed.

Once when it was going slow,
He thought he'd hook the horses on and
give a little tow.
But when he jumped out to look
The bumper it was gone.

He tried to start it,— not a sound.
So he got mad and began to crank.
He gave it a couple of twists around
It started to run and went over the bank.

One sunny day Jake went to work
And tore it all apart.
Piece by Piece and jerk by jerk
He tore it all apart.

By,
Dick Kiser

Stepmothers

Some think stepmothers aren't so good
Because sometimes they're in a bad mood,
But do they give stepmothers a reason to be
Always happy and gay and free?

Stepmothers are good-maybe a few bad-
But most the time they are very glad
To love adopted children as their own
And slave for them without a single moan.

Betty Bjornstrom
Grade 7
Walluski School
Rt. 1 Box 930
Astoria, Oregon

The Bird

yesterday I heard a bird,
It was the sweetest thing I ever heard,
I am sure that it said
Come and see my new bed;
It is hanging over head.

yes, it is my new bed;
I have made it soft and clean
For my little ones so keen,
yes, I am sure that it said
Come and see my new bed.

Ruth Anderson
Grade 7 Clatsop Plains
School. Dist. #3

Clarence Parker
Grade 7

Fernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

Spring

What does it mean when the
robin sings
In the branch of the old apple
tree,
And wild flowers peep through
the woodland green?
Why these are the signs of spring!

The honking of geese in the
heavens are heard,
And the frogs in the swamplands
are croaking.
With little boys flying their
kites, we know
Tis spring, and March winds
are blowing.

By Clarence Parker

Corrine Basel
Grade 7

Fernhill School
Astoria Ore.

The Mumps.

I used to sit in school and
puff my cheeks
And someone always told me
I looked just like a freak.
But one day I got the mumps
And what a sight I was then.
I told everyboy and girl
I'd never do it again.

So I went home and went
to bed.
And stayed there two whole weeks
But when I came back
to school again
I never puffed my cheeks
For if I did I thought
I'd surley get the mumps
And maybe this time I'd
have to stay,
In bed for two whole months!

Delbert Sigfridson Fernhill School
Grade 7 Astoria, Oregon

The Tramp

On the other side of the Shaburn Track,
In an old, old tumble down shack,
In which every day a tramp has his lunch,
And how his jaws do munch and crunch.

His whiskers are so terribly long,
When he talks it sounds like his singing a song,
Yet he has such a kind old face,
You'd be glad to meet him any place.

Vivian Lahti
Grade 7

Fern Hill School
Astoria, Oregon

Neighbors

If there's anyone who's ill
Or the food supply is low,
You hear a friendly knock
At the little cottage door.

It's the neighbors bringing something,
With their whole hearts wish to grant,
You may be sure whatever is wanted
The friendly neighbors are right on hand.

The Bluebirds

Oh I like to see the bluebirds,
And I like to hear them sing;
For they are very pretty birds,
When they are on the wing.

Oh the bluebirds are such pretty birds,
Their feathers shine so blue;
When they are flying in the sky
They seem to fly to you.

John Adair
grade 8
Clatsop Plains School
dist. 3

A Feathered Friend

There is a fellow in our town,
The suit he wears is red and brown;
He leaves in fall and comes in spring
You wake at dawn to hear him sing.

He hunts all day in farmer's fields
To get food for his babie meals;
In fall he spreads his wings and flies
To disappear in deep blue skies

Leroy Koski
Grade 8
Svensen School

Barbara Regua 7th Grade Knappa Consolidated School

Spring!

I like the spring the best of all,
When trees and flowers come out,
And all the little birdies call,
And children sing and shout.

The warm rains now gently fall,
That make the spring flowers grow,
And all the trees grow big and tall,
Once covered by the snow.

Mother Nature

The wind and hurricanes, they rove,
The snow and hail and rains, they fall
Among each harbor, bay, and cove,
Upon each house and mountain tall.

This weather brought together makes
The water rise in every creek;
And many men, a home forsakes,
And other houses they then seek.

At sea the vessels roll on keels,
And roars are heard from creeks and dams.
And many people's doom it seals;
It then recedes like baby lambs.

I do not think the weather should,
The built up homes and towns destroy,
Or wreak it's anger on the good;
Instead, to people bring some joy.

Freddy Leslie
Grade Eight
Svensen School

The Wind

The wind blew fiercely all the day,
The children with their kites did play.
The wind blew kites so very high,
It seemed they nearly touched the sky.

The wind blew leaves right off the trees,
And made big waves on roaring seas.
How fast it made big clouds go by,
Past snowy mountain peaks so high.

It seemed to sing with merry glee,
All day so loud on land and sea.
Until the even tide did fall,
It then calmed down its howling squall.

Jean Ingersoll
Grade Seven
Sorensen School

I Should Know By Now

Many a day, and many a year have I spent in school,
I've lived and learned to follow the Golden Rule.
One thing I'm sure I'll never forget,
Is the edutation I'll never regret.
Though some think school is a bore and a hate,
I think education is really my mate.

I've tried to learn my lessons like I should,
And like other pupils I try to be good.
I study and study and study all day,
And keep thinking, a good education will never decay.
Really I think I'm beginning to learn--
The way into education and which way to turn.

Joyce Bedortha
Grade-Seven
Lewis & Clark Consolidated #5

Lewis Johnson
Grade 7

Fernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

There once a Spanish mission lay,
Right in Santa Anna's army's way
So he decided to conquer it,
And he blew it apart bit by bit.
Remember the Alamo.

Davy Crocket and all the rest,
Stood and fought and did their best
The women in the yard were shaking,
From the noise the guns were making.
Remember the Alamo.

Clearly on one sunny morn,
All of the women were sad and forlorn,
For Santa Anna had broken through the gate,
And his soldiers guns would not abate.
Remember the Alamo.

Though Santa Anna won the fight,
Leaving not one man alive that night;
Soon other Texans took a hand,
And quickly drove him from the land.
They remembered the Alamo.

Joyous Spring

Spring is here, spring is there.
With it brings the flowers fair
Flowers bloom, robins sing.
All through out this joyous spring.

Spring is here, spring is there.
With it brings all love no cares.
Apple blossoms on the trees.
Swaying gently in the breeze.

Spring is here, spring is there.
Lovely leaves the trees will wear.
Little children happly sing.
All through out this joyous spring.

By- Maxine Miller
Age- 14
Grade- 8th
Chadwell School
Rt. 1 Box 333
Astoria, Oregon

Our America.

I

Our flag and creeds they are the best,
Of Europe and Asia and all the rest.
Our plains, our streams, our mountains tall,
To men afar they send a call;
To come and see this beautiful land;
Protected and guided by God's own hand,

II

This land of freedom and liberty too,
Of loyalty, faith, and friendship true;
This land of beauty and fame and wealth,
Laden with happiness, vigor, and health;
So dear God let us stay, just as we are
From day to day;
In Liberty and peace.

The End

Georgianna Hegstad
Original Poem

Vauna School
Vauna, Orego

Eighth Grade

= Vacation Time =

'Tis daffodil time in the valley,
Summer will soon be here,
Hurrah! for school vacation,
The gladest time of the year.

I'll do lots of things I've planned on,
All through the long winter months.
Now that vacation is coming,
I'll not look at my books, not once.

For vacation means just idling,
Sleeping and daydreaming the time,
When school takes up again,
I'll be the first in line.

So here's to my teacher,
Her patience is so tried at times.
And here's to the schoolmates in leaving
And happy hours I've left behind

Doris Trotter - 7th Grade.
Elsie School

Poetry

I This sure aint easy for me
To try to make up poetry
I have the worst English you
ever seen
Besides that my brains ain't
keen.

II I read poems day by day
But by gosh it don't pay
I can't make em up myself
I'm just gonna leave this on the
shelf.

Crystal Witte
7th Grade
Gearhart.

Ode to the Columbia

The canoe and tepee vanished,
The campfires are no more,
No "voyageurs" or "Coureur de bois"
Now greet thy shaded shore.

Time has taken from thy borders
Beauty from thy wooded side;
The aprnan's timber now is floating
On thy glimmering moon made tide.

Roll on broad and turbid river
Till at last your goal you've found
While the silvery streak of salmon
Glide to their spawning ground.

Though thy powers have been harnessed,
May thy waters ever be
Free from war's destructive monsters
Preying on humanity.

by Marie Demase
Grade seven - Clifton, Ore.

Mamie Coffey
Grade Eighth

Fernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

In Bed At Night

When from my window
I look each night,
I can see for miles around
On many a pretty sight.
On my bed there shines a light
And makes my room so
very bright,
I like it better than when it's
dark outside
And as the old moon rolls
along
I can see the shadows slide.
There's a happy song within
my heart
As into dreamland I'm ready
to start.

Janice Brown
Warrenton School
Warrenton, Oregon
Grade 7

Heaven Above

Many have gone to heaven above,
Some are our enemies and
some we love.

After we are old and wrinkled
with cove,
Our home above the Lord will
prepare.

I'm sure he will call to
our home far away,
When he thinks it is time
to take us away.

Warrenton

Frank Wilcoxen
Olney School

Grade Eight

Contrasts

Europe is a war torn nation,
Full of strife and starvation.
Through the air, bombs are screaming,
Through the darkness, lights are beaming.

Proud am I to be in the U. S. A.,
Where freedom lives on from day to day.
A land where there is plenty for all,
Much different from Europe's brawl.

Erland Ahlstrom Grade 8

The Flag

I

The flag of freedom waves
O'er many great men's graves
Who fought to make this country free
Just for you, just for me

II

Lincoln freed the slaves
John Paul Jones fought the waves
All to make this country free
Just for you just for me

Esther Simonson
Olney School

Grade Seven

Mother Nature

I wonder if we are thankful
For natures rare gifts of the soil?
Did she our dreams fully fulfill
After all her years of toil?

She sends us the warm spring breezes—
That makes our wonderful flag
Wave to and fro in the sunshine,
On lowland and mountain crag.

Ruth Koski
Olney Con. #11.

Grade Seven

To-Night

The sky is very dark to night,
The trees are shadowy and still,
No moon to shed its silvery light,
Upon my home behind the hill.

In the far distance can be heard,
The lonesome coyote's howl,
While near by the frightened herd
Is calmed by old Fido's growl.

Miss Betty Newton
Rt. 1, Box 340
Warrenton, Oregon
Grade 7

The Busy Town

As I walk down the busy street
Many people I do meet.
Some are short and some are tall.
But of course I like them all.

Shop windows that look so neat
Contain many good things to eat.
Vegetables, fruits and lots of candy.
Also things that come in handy.

But when I leave the busy town
Upon my face there is a frown.
For I like these sights to see
And people that are new to me.

Warrenton,

Warrenton, Oregon
grade seven
Lorene Hamilton

The Refugees

Abroad we see such lonely sights—
People who want their freedom
of rights.
Freedom of speech, freedom of press,
Freedom to do as they see best.
No dictators to fear, no kings
to resent,—
America loves its presidents!
That's why these lonely people,
wind their way west,
To make homes in America
the land we love best.

Hanneston

Patty Glenn
7th Grade
Camp McGregor

The Old Swimming Pool

Oh! What happy days I've spent
At the old swimming pool,
But now I must lament
And return to school.

It promised me to rest
And when I'd finished school,
I could again play upon the crest
Of the old swimming pool.

The Stars

There were two little children
All alone in the woods,
These poor little children were lost
And as frightened as ever could be.

Then they spied the North Star
As it gleamed up afar
And to them it seemed to say
Come, I'll show you the way.

So they followed the star,
And then a light did see
In a little house by the river's bar
And there they found rest and peace.

Stars are a little twinkling world
All shining brightly on high,
For they helped the children to safety
By their bright lights shining above.

Holland

Holland Cows are black and white.
they graze on meadows beside the dikes.
the dikes are strong and made of brick and clay,
to keep the angry sea away.

the big old cow that's black and white.
Was along the dike one April night.
the little Dutch girl with the shinny curls,
Looked on with great delight.

Jack Nelson - 7th Grade
Elsie School

God Helps us in All Ways
God makes everything beautiful,
And is always ready and dutyful.
He washes our sins away,
Each and every day.

I love the Lord for He is our savior.
He helps us keep on our best behavior.
He watches over us everyday,
To show us just the right way.

Carolyn
Randall - 7th Grade
Elsie School

Lonely Dogs

I hope that I shall never see
A dog as lonely as me
For when it starts the break of day
They do not want to go and play!

I never want to see a dog
Tied up and lonely as a log
Thats why I do not want to see
A dog whose lonely because of me.

A friendly dog I'd like to see
I think he's lots of company
He always goes with me to school
And makes me think that I'm no fool

By Larry Lee Trinity
Age 13
Grade 7
Chadwell School

The Ghostly Figures

Creeping through the woods at night
I hear the noise of things that hide
Behind the trees with their mighty arms
Are ghostly figures that nee'r do harm

I run so fast, and I'm never caught
Until I've found the hiding place I've
sought.
Ten thousand I see at a single glance
The ghostly figures in their ghastly dance.

Then out of nowhere the sun shines bright
And ghostly figures are nowhere in sight
As the day goes on you'll never see,
The ghastly ghosts, because they're trees.

Betty Nixon
Age 14
Grade 8
Chadwell School

Betty Nixon

The Daffodils

I like to watch the daffodils,
With their pretty golden heads,
As they stand in little rills,
In their sunny beds.

When the breeze blows by,
And the sun beats down;
I seem to hear them sigh,
As they wave in their pretty golden gown.

They dance and they wave,
As they grow on the hills;
Those flowers; about who people rave,
Those beautiful golden daffodils.

Written by,
Leo Susbauer - 8th Grade
Elsie School

Our Flag

I

Long may it wave on high,
Those colors brave and true
Long may its colors fly,
The red, the white, the blue.

II

Long may songs of Freedom ring
And echo o'er and o'er;
So ope your hearts and let us sing
These words from shore to shore.

Marjorie Nunn
Original Poem

Wauna School
Wauna
Oregon
Seventh Grade

Betty Jacobsen
Seventh Grade

Cannon Beach
Oregon

A Little Robin

I

A robin sat in a fir tree,
And laughed in soleman glee
Ho! wind you can't catch me
The wind said it wasn't true.

II

And oh how hard he blew
But the little bird knew
The wind was strong
And that he was wrong

III

The robin so gay
He flew away
Over to the nest
For he knew it best.

Spring

Spring is here and Spring is there
The happiness we all shall share
And pretty flowers - everywhere
Which smell so sweet and fare

Birds and bees sing all the day
See the people on their way
They enjoy the spring so fair
And flowers on their clothes they wear.

You all know we love the spring
Where happy children dance and sing
And keep in step with music fair
Out side in the sweet spring air.

Jerry Tenority
Grade 7
Age 13
Chadwell School

Jerry Trinity Route 1, Box 345 - Astoria Oregon.

Norma Stingham Cannon Beach School
8th grade

Summer

The flowers that dance around our feet
The green grass so fresh and sweet
The budding trees, the birds sweet song
Tell us that winter is almost gone

The sun is melting the snow away
The flowers are tossing their heads so gay
The flowers of red, white, and blue,
Are dancing a spritly dance for you

The red rose buds will be peping out
The gayful children will laugh and shout
And every one will be having fun,
When that long-awaited summer comes

Gene Knudsen
eigth grade

Fernhill
Astoria, Ore.

The Disaster of an Aeroplane

There was a little aeroplane,
It dived and swooped and turned a loop and could
squeeze right through a hoop
When the flag began to fly
The aeroplane gave a sigh, and leaped into the
sky just like a fly.
Then the enemy gave a cry,
And began to dive on it as if it were a peice
of pie.
The aeroplane did a wild tail spin,
and tore into the ground with a great
big crash,
Instead of a trim little aeroplane,
Now there's nothing left but a pile of trash.

The Steamshovel

With a whim and a whirl
And a jump and a jerk
I want to start and hurl
So folks can see me work

With a healthy loud sound
And a rhythmic chug, chug,
I'll pound, pound, pound
Till it's finished and dug

Jack Irvin
Grade 8
Hammond School

Lois Frost 7th Grade Knappa Consolidated School

Saturday

Saturday is a day of work and play,
When grownups are busy and children are gay.
When breakfast is over and worktime has come,
You can't run and play till the work has been done.

When daytime is over and night is drawing near,
And stars come out shining so bright and so clear.
When the dishes are washed and the children in bed
Comes the hush of evening as prayers are said.

Arithmetic.

Arithmetic's the thing I hate.
It makes me think of a terrible fate;
For I know what my ma will do
'Cause I am taking home a "U."

I will get a spanking hard
For having such an awful card.
I 'spect your ma'd do the same to you,
If you walked through the gate with a "U."

Next time I realy will try hard
To get a better report card.
I'm sure it will be quite sublime
To get an all "I" card next time.

By,
Billy Lowdell

A Bully's Fate

Across the foaming sea there stands
A man of mighty strength and fame,
Who rules his people with cruel hands,
And uses might to keep his claim.

He struggles now with all his heart
To make his kingdom large and strong,
And make the other lands apart
Of plane for might, without a wrong.

Some day a change will come about,
And make this man whose life is dread
Bend down upon his knees and shout,
For then his mighty land is dead.

Billy Hunt
Grade Eight
Svensen, School

Clarence Parker
Grade 7

Fernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

Stovepipe the Rabbit

I have a little rabbit named
Stovepipe;
And when he gets tired he
blows with all his might.

But one night little Stovepipe
did not come home.
Then the whole family begin
to hunt and moan.

Oh, Little Stovepipe I know is
dead.
For when I found him he
was full of lead.

Bettie Lane 8th Cannon Beach School

The Gull

I Skimming, swooping,
Up in the sky.
Screaming, looking,
Way up high!

II Little sharp beak,
And wings so wide,
His beady eys seek
the fish that hide.

III His frenzied screaming
And flapping wings,
Interrupt my dreaming
Of far-away things.

Spring

It thrills my heart to see in the sky,
The flutter of birds as they hurry by,
To see on the bushes and trees, the flowers,
That help to give us such happy hours.

Spring is the happiest season of all,
When you hear the birds as they sweetly call,
To their mates, who are building their nest in the trees,
And the busy humming of the many bees.

And don't you think, as the cold days fly past,
That the birds are glad to get home at last,
Back to their homes, back to their nest,
And back to the friends they love the best.

By Rosalie Kerr.

Warrenton

Warrenton School

Spring

Spring is coming over the valley,
Softly treading o'er the snow;
Yet the snowdrops heard her coming
In their downy beds below.

Pussy willow and the robins
Thought they had a secret dear;
But the robin told it to the treetops
In his song so loud and clear.

Each bud and leaflet heard it
And raised up its sleepy head,
Pushing back their coverlet
Of leaves now lying upon their earthen bed.

The brooks have started running;
Flowers blooming everywhere,
Birds and bees flying around us,
Telling us that spring is here.

Ruth Hart

Warrenton

Doris Harrow
Grade 8
Ferndale School

Good Old U. S. A.

I am glad I am a citizen
Of the good old U. S. A.,
Where we go to school
To learn about our country every day.
Our country gives us freedom
To let us run and play,
Our fathers and our mothers
Can have a word to say
How the country should be run each
and every day.

The little children in Europe
Don't have a chance to play,
Because they have to be on the watch
If a bomb should come their way.
They are taught to put on gas masks
And to do as dictators say,
We are thankful we are citizens
Of a free and happy land,
And that our homes are in the
good old U. S. A.

Wondering

I saw a star in the sky
It seemed to stare in my eye.
Of other stars I thought that night,
And how they got their shining light.

The king of all the north star seemed;
I thought of how this star had gleamed,
For forty years before its light
To reach us this moonlight night.

The moon whose light was so bright
Had borrowed from the sun at night
To help the travelers find their way.
And guide the stars till break of day

By - Arthur Gustafson Route 1, Box 252
Age - 14 Astoria, Oregon
grade 8th. Chadwell School

Lennah Parker
Grade 7

Kernhill School
Astoria, Oregon

It's Beyond Me

Our world is such a funny thing,
It's oh! so big and round,
It has a north and south pole
Where it's cold as cold can be,
And then there are places around its middle
That I'm sure would be too hot for me.

Half of it is water
And half of it is land,
And then there's another thing
I just can't seem to understand,
How can such a heavy globe
Just hang up in midair?
It all seems just beyond me
So I guess that I don't care.

A Flower's Trials

Mother Nature scatters flowers
Throughout her many busy hours;
Here and there and everywhere,
She scatters them without a care.

Some will grow,
And some may not,
Some will wither,
And some may rot.

E'en those that rise
Will have to battle -
For their lives
With weeds and cattle.

Annie Jean Jarvis
Grade 7
Walluski School
Rt. 1, Box 907
Astoria, Oregon

The Old School House On The Hill

1.

The old School house on the hill,
Stands deserted and lonely.
No more do children shouts and play,
As they did in those old days.

2

The weeds have grown around it,
Its flowers are dead and gone.
The fence has fallen to the ground,
And even the flag pole is down.

3

The walls once bright with paint,
Are old and grimy now.
The windows all are shattered,
Stained and covered with dust.

4

Good times we had there,
Will never come again.
The friends we made are gone,
From the old school house on the hill.

Luella Davidson
Grade 7
Ferndale School

THE WONDERS OF RAIN

The rain comes down in little drops,
And gaily down the street it hops.

It moistens the fields and fills the brooks,
And give the trees fresh green looks.

It floats the ships that go out to sea,
And waters the birds, we like to see.

It makes the ice upon the pond,
Which the children love to skate upon.

It cooks our food from day to day,
And help the trains go on their way.

It gets our clothes so clean and bright,
And makes the colored rainbow light.

It is an important thing we know,
It makes the wheels of industry go.

With all these virtues we have been told,
There are millions more that can unfold.

Bobby Reed

Washington

My Wishes

I wish I were a vagabond
I'd travel near and far,
To travel to the way torn lands
To see just how they are.

I'd travel in the mid night sun
And steal thru jungles with a gun
I'd stare each lion in the eye,
And say "you better run or die".

I've been in many many zoos
I've watched those funny kangaroos
And wished I could go far away
To Australia for just one day.

Tommy Young
Route 1, Box 345
Astoria, Oregon
Grade 7
Age 12
Chadwell School

The Garden Gate

Today beside the garden gate,
   I chased away my sorrow.
This is my favorite garden gate,
   I'll swing there again tomorrow.

Other sorrows have gone to rest,
   The same as mine have gone today.
Down by the old forgotten gate,
   Where I chased my sorrow away.

Wilma Perry
Westport, Oregon
Westport Grade School

America the Best

America will always be here
Forever and a day
Because when God made it
He meant for it to stay

We don't march through small countries
Just to hear them groan
We are a peace loving nation
We leave our neighbors alone

America is one place
Nazis will never reign
Because we don't want our country
To be covered by Nazi stain

If ever we were conquered
We would never give up hope
and whoever harms our land
Will end up on the end of a rope

Some day Hitler will get his
And I hope I am around
To see that unworthy tyrant
Lowered into the ground.

By Colleen Moore
8th Grade Seaside Grade School

Not bad is it?
SWB

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